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The

VOLUME XIV

— 1941 —

VOYAGEUR



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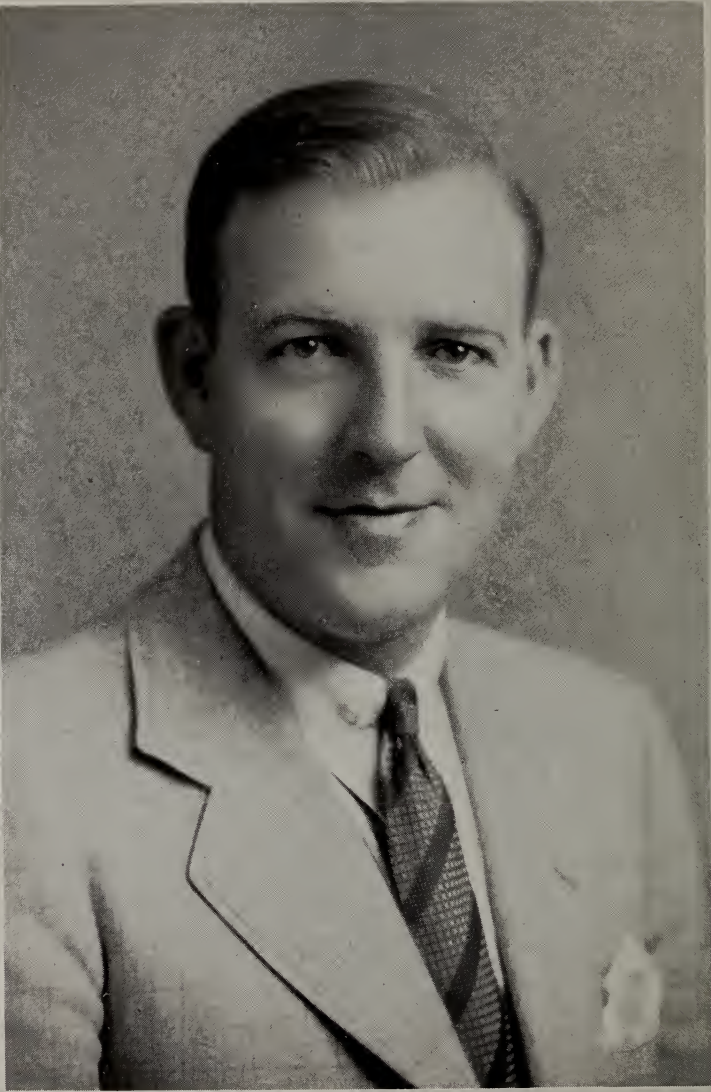
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ONTARIO

The Voyageur



<i>A Personal Word</i>	PAGE 11
<i>Editorial</i>	" 14
<i>The Strategy of Faith</i>	" 16
<i>In Memoriam</i>	" 18-19
<i>Colour Holders</i>	" 20
<i>Mulock Dinner</i>	" 21
<i>Chapel</i>	" 22
<i>Roll of Service</i>	" 29
<i>Marriages</i>	" 30
<i>Staff Notes</i>	" 33
<i>Graduating Class</i>	" 35
<i>Sports Day</i>	" 36
<i>Garratt Cane and Widdrington Awards</i>	" 37
<i>School Committee</i>	" 38
<i>Literary Section</i>	" 39
<i>Preparatory Department</i>	" 46
<i>Interest Clubs at Pickering</i>	" 48
<i>Dramatic Club</i>	" 49
<i>Glee Club</i>	" 50
<i>Polikon Club</i>	" 51
<i>Kosmo Club</i>	" 52
<i>Rooters</i>	" 52
<i>Twelve Club</i>	" 52
<i>Parents' Day</i>	" 53
<i>Final Banquet</i>	" 53
<i>Projects</i>	" 53
<i>Athletics</i>	" 54
<i>Colour Awards</i>	" 54
<i>Senior Football</i>	" 55
<i>Senior Basketball</i>	" 57
<i>Volleyball</i>	" 58
<i>Senior Hockey</i>	" 59
<i>Intramural Plan</i>	" 61
<i>Cricket</i>	" 62



JOSEPH McCULLEY, B.A.
Headmaster

A Personal Word

AS I WRITE this introduction to the record of the activities of a school year which follows in these pages, it is difficult to confine one's thoughts to the activities which have formed such a vital part of all our lives in the little world which is the school. It would, however, require more than supernatural wisdom to make any specific comment on the events of the present moment which might not be completely invalidated by the time these words reach the reader.

Events since June, 1940, have continued to move with lightning-like rapidity; the shift in world forces occasioned by the German move to the east is but the latest of the unexpected and incalculable series of events which are shaking the very foundations of the world that we have known. In spite of all these activities, however, we have tried honestly and sincerely to provide for the young life in our present student body an education that, realistic enough to prepare boys and young men for the terrific challenge that the situation creates for them, is also idealistic in its effort to provide a confident belief in the existence of the eternal and fundamental verities of truth, beauty and goodness.

From the pages that follow it will be gathered that all these events have touched the school in a variety of ways. Of the students who have lived here during the past fourteen years about 100 of whom we have knowledge, are serving with the armed forces in various parts of the world. In the student group itself this year we have had 24 boys who have come to us from the Old Country. They have already made an indelible impression on the developing life of our community. Were it not for the tragic circumstances that have necessitated their removal to a place of some more comparative safety to continue their education, we would welcome these events as having most significant educational values, both for the British boys and our own Canadian lads. In any case we hope that they have been as happy as could be expected under the circumstances in their new home.

The actual material in our book reflects something of the atmosphere of the world in which we are living. This is to be expected; no group of aware adolescents could possibly live through these times without feeling in some way their very deep significance. We have endeavoured in so far as possible to continue the traditional activities of our community life. We have tried to provide all the normal adolescent experiences to which we believe the youth is still entitled. In our classes we have endeavoured to lay sound foundations for further intellectual growth. On the Junior and Senior Matriculation examinations of last year 85% of all papers written were successful.

During the coming year we plan to mark in some significant way the 100th anniversary of the foundation of the school. Needless to say such a celebration at this time will not be of a highly festive nature, but we hope it will be of such a character as to mark the occasion with some dignity and to make some contribution to the total community life that will be

worthy of the history and traditions of the school. As we approach the new year with all its uncertainties I would like to pass on a word of faith and confidence as expressed by a British poet:

*Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life:
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you the priceless dower
To live in these great times and have your part
In Freedom's crowning hour,
That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens—their heritage to take—
“I saw the powers of darkness take their flight;
I saw the morning break.”*

In closing I want first of all to extend greetings to all our Old Boys wherever they may be—and they are in some strange places; you are very much in our thoughts and prayers during these times. I also want to extend my thanks to the Board of Management and to parents for their continued confidence, and to the staff and student body of the year 1940-1941, who have given unstintingly of their loyalty and their effort in order that Pickering College might continue to do worthily its part in helping to build a finer Canada in a fairer, happier and a better world.

Jos. McCully.



School House in December

This year's Voyageur is dedicated to ex-students and ex-members of the staff of Pickering now serving with the armed forces.

The VOYAGEUR

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1941

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STUDENTS OF PICKERING COLLEGE, NEWMARKET
ONTARIO, CANADA

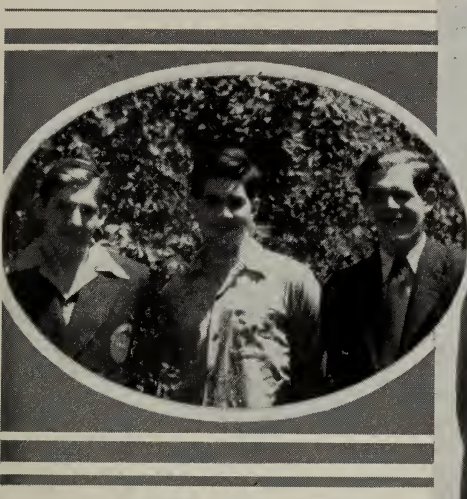
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Editorial . . .

IN A CIVILIZATION so constituted as ours everyman must expect to be the servant of every other man if he would be accepted by his fellows in the community. In the professions of some men it is easier to note this concept of service than in those of others. The minister, the preacher, the lawyer render a service to their fellows that is obvious to most of us. Not so obvious perhaps, but nevertheless real is the service rendered by men in other walks of life. We must go to the butcher for our meat, to the baker for our bread; our light depends upon many men as does our supply of water and our source of heat in winter. For our laws and their enforcement we turn to others, indeed no man can live as a hermit in this day.

Consequently, since we turn to others for many services, it is logical that others will turn to us for some service that we may render. It might be well then to cast about for some clue as to what that service may be. In searching each man must come upon his own solution to the problem for the services to be rendered are many and varied and it is a part of our democratic faith that a man may choose the way in which he will serve. It is one of the dangers of our democratic way of life that too often a man feels that this freedom to choose is actually a license to live his own life selfishly without a thought for the needs and comforts and feelings of his fellow men.

Lately, however, we have had a rather rude awakening from that attitude. Of a sudden our whole way of life has been challenged by a rival ideology that has recognized the value of service but has turned that service into slavery by denying men the right to choose their own way of serving. Service that is coerced and not given of man's free will soon loses its vitality and dies. The system that bred it will die too. But in the meantime the presence of such a system in our world has served the purpose of awakening us to the need for greater service to our own ideals and to our own way of life if we are to preserve them. Had we been more careful to serve in the past the tremendous self-sacrifice which the present demands might not have been necessary. The grim reality of war has called for the total service of the nation to the cause of preserving itself and what it stands



The Voyager Staff

Editorial—Continued—

for. At this moment rich and poor alike must turn what property and what ability they have to the common cause of their preservation as a state. Actually the necessity was just as great before the war broke out but not as obvious because the danger was not so imminent.

This war will end as wars do. Once again the democratic way of life will have won out, although it may be changed in some of its external aspects. Once again as the imminent danger is removed men will become prone to render to their fellow men, to their nation and to their ideals lip service only.

Students of this school will form in the coming years a part of the society whose solemn duty it will be to see that democracy is kept alive and vital in peacetime; to see that the desire and the ability to serve a cause is not lost and does not die out as soon as that cause seems secure for a few more years. The service must be unending and given with a whole heart and a ready hand or once again a generation will be called upon to save its way of life in the eleventh hour.

Old boys of your school are even now rendering full service in the armed forces of the Empire. Service of the same kind may not be your lot. It is our hope that by the time most of you take up your duties as citizens the world will no longer be at war. Nevertheless your services should be of the same intensity as those of the men who now fight to give you your chance. As physically dangerous they may not be, but as difficult they will be; indeed even more difficult in that the issues will not be so clear cut nor the necessity to serve so obvious.

Therefore in these hours of crisis it might be well to think on the future a little and try to discern what need there will be for service and what your part may be.

The Strategy of Faith

Abstract of an Address Delivered at Pickering College, May 18, 1941

By RABBI MAURICE N. EISENDRATH

NOT YET have we really answered Winston Churchill's desperate appeal, first voiced many months ago and passionately reiterated in his most recent world-wide radio broadcast for the tools, the tools, the tools, in order that those heroic souls across the sea might finish the job. We have not as yet learned the meaning of the word sacrifice—our seemingly staggering new budget notwithstanding. Our lives are still comparatively untouched in glaring contrast to those who for so many slow-trudging days and hideous nights have been enduring, for us, so much toil and sweat and tears and blood. We grumble about increased taxation, a movie less, a second-hand car, while vast multitudes have been rendered homeless, their very last possession shattered before their very eyes, their loved ones torn from their embrace. Canadians too must learn to strip ourselves, not next week or next year, but NOW of their every needless luxury, of their every superfluous possession, even of many unnecessary comforts, of our booze and our jazz particularly, in order to provide those tools for victory, those tools that might enable those most valourous souls which history has yet beheld to finish the job; lest, before we realize what has befallen us, we ourselves will be finished, UTTERLY, INEXORABLY FINISHED. If the budget brought down just a few days ago is requisite *to-day*, is it conceivable that it was not just as direly needed *yesterday*? Was it then because we were not prepared for such so-called sacrifices then, that we demand of our leaders that they shall spoon-feed us and prepare us ever so gradually by such homeopathic doses? And does it not follow that even greater demands which will be exacted of us *to-morrow* are actually required *to-day*? Shall we, then, be the architects of our own downfall? Shall we be the co-conspirators of our own ruin? Must we too be guilty of that lamentable refrain, "TOO LITTLE AND TOO LATE" because we have not the courage to face unflinchingly the cost; because, while others gladly relinquish their lives we will not surrender our material goods to sustain their hands with the indispensable physical and military tools so indispensable for even the bravest heart to win through to victory? No miserly spirit can triumph in this hour of decision. For our enemies are anything but misers. They take by force—as we should give with a free and willing heart—everything which their peoples have and hold and dare to gamble it on this single throw of the dice which, should they win, will wipe out all our greedily grasped possessions.

Nor can we hope to subdue the solid phalanx which our foe presents so long as the slightest vestige of our erstwhile divisions of race, religion, class or creed set us apart one from the other. It has been by the centuries' old tactic of "Divide and Rule" that the Nazis came to power first of all in their own land, and then in the country after country which they marked out for conquest and which their treacherous trojan termites prepared for the slaughter. We in Canada dare not permit the sly and subtle and scheming fifth-columnists, not yet altogether purged from our bosom, to set province against province, Protestant against Catholic, French against English, capital against labour, Christian against Jew.

A grave anxiety is mine that such manifestation of prejudices, even against "the least of our fellows" is the first infallible sign of that insidious disease which brought the German Reich to its present madness and has plunged all mankind into gory war. If anti-Semitism, as the great non-Jewish author Thomas Mann phrased it, is the bomb which the Nazis have cast over our fence to disrupt the camp of democracy, we had better cast that devastating bomb utterly from our hearts if we would present that united front to the foe which alone can see us through. Every facet and fraction in our variegated Canadian mosaic must join not alone hand to hand, but heart to heart and spirit to spirit in this consuming crusade upon which we are now engaged, in which, in every truth we shall, we must hang together or we will hang, or rather, *be* hanged separately and completely.

But there is a third manner of tool which is sorely needed to vouchsafe us the victory for which we so ardently pray and yearn. And I believe the great Prime Minister of Great Britain, reared as he has been upon our Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, would be the first to confess with the prophet Isaiah, "if ye have no faith," then all your bombing-planes and submarines and tanks and ships, notwithstanding, "ye will not endure."

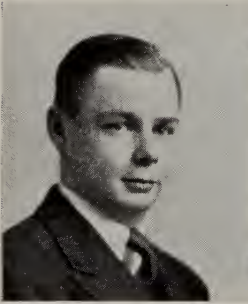
Faiths, philosophies, points of view do make a difference, despite all our latter-day scoffers. And this victory which we seek will not be won by any life-is-just-a-bowl-of-cherries cynicism. No supercilious scorner can be our fellow-traveller upon this consecrated crusade. Only those with a deep and abiding faith and trust, such as characterizes those valorous souls, who, like unto the Christian and Jewish martyrs of old, crouch bravely in their darkened air-raid shelters and yet lustily chant "O God our Help in Ages Past, Our Hope in Days to Come" can buttress our flagging spirits with the morale requisite for victory. Even the pagan devotees of Thor and Wotan declare, in the words of Ewald August Banse, the high priest of Mars and outstanding Nazi tactician: "War is an affair of morale in which the side with the stouter heart succeeds." A wiser and more pious age, however, was not ashamed to call that affair of morale and stout heart the faith by which alone men and nations may live and not die.

Where is such a faith to be found today? I would be the last to declare that it is to be found only within the church or synagogue. Especially in the synagogue and church as we know them today, altogether too pathetically abandoned by vast multitudes of men, their erstwhile glory reduced in the sight of too many to but a "brief code for mating, a bit of castor oil for the ailing, and a few seemly words at the grave." And yet, potentially at least, I know of no other institution in contemporary life so surcharged with possible power and moral dynamic as is the historic synagogue or church; no surer bomb-shelter for our harassed and harried spirit. Truly, a church which taught a large part of mankind to walk upright and unafraid through one dark age may yet summon up the power to prevent another dark age from descending upon us, or to face it, should it come, with unwavering faith and courage. To your tents then, O Israel, to your tabernacles, O Christendom, that with the "whole armour of God," with might and power, but not with might and power alone, but with the spirit of unity and the resoluteness of faith, we may, in truth, provide the tools that all of us together may finish the job.

DICK MILNE
ED. MINCHINTON
THEODORE RISING

*To these three, in proud memory,
We dedicate this page . . .*

“For Greater Love hath no man...”



Dick Milne



Ed. Minchinton



Theodore Rising

*They shall not grow old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn,
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.*

ANDREW ADAIR SMITH

to whose memory

The Staff and
Students of Pickering College

dedicate this page

*His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
The single talent well employed.*



Flight-Lieutenant Wallace Barton

awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his part in the
battle of France and the evacuation of Dunkirk

COLOUR HOLDERS

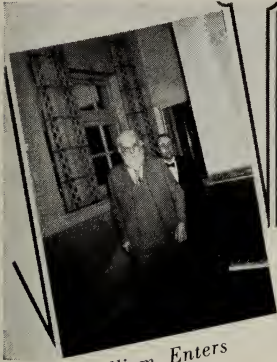
CONGRATULATIONS to the following, who won their first colour letters this year:

Terry Bamford
Franz Brandt
Ward Cornell
Donald Dewar

James Frosst
Charles Graham
Duncan Haskell
Alan MacNeill

*"One half of honour is the strong endeavour,
Success the other. But when both conspire
Youth has her perfect crown, and age her old desire."*

—G. Santayana



Sir William Enters



Sir William Dines



Sir William Presents

The Mullock Dinner

RECENTLY Sir William Mullock dined at the school and, on that occasion presented each of the members of Pickering College with a metal plaque on which was inscribed the following passage, attributed to Etienne de Grellet, 1773-1855.

“I shall pass through this world but once ;
any good thing therefore that I can do or any
kindness that I can show to any human being,
let me do it now, let me not defer it, or neglect it,
for I shall not pass this way again”.

CHAPEL

DURING THE CURRENT YEAR *members of the staff addressed the school at the Sunday evening services. All of them made significant contributions to the group thinking. At the request of a considerable number of students the article which follows herewith, being the address by Mr. Jackson, editor, is printed so that it may thereby be available in permanent form.*

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking all the members of the staff who contributed during the year to our Chapel Services.

J. McCULLEY

What Is Your Heritage?

by B. W. JACKSON

SWUNG IN AMONG THE STARS and planets, there is another planet which we call earth. Many things grow there, flowers and trees of all kinds, weeds and bushes in variety. Four-footed creatures walk there; insects and worms creep about the earth and burrow into its soil. Some of these creatures have wings which give them temporary release for a while from the earth proper and carry them through the air. Others swim in the deep waters of the earth, spending their lives beneath the surface of the rivers and lakes and oceans. So there is an infinite variety of beings on the earth, creatures of numberless differences but all subject to the government of a great common denominator. It is this, they are born, they live, they die; for a little while they partake of that intangible commonality, life; of the stuff of the earth they are made and into that same essence they disintegrate in death.

Strange creatures all—but they have a fellow, stranger than they. True this being also partakes of their common fare. He is born, he lives, he dies. The stuff from which he is made is the same,—the chemical components of his body are worth no more in hard cash than are theirs; not as much as some of them. He produces no ambergris as does the whale. But he does strange things, he utters a variety of extraordinary sounds, he makes peculiar marks and hangs them up on walls. This creature has been known to starve himself for days when his body cried out for food, and food was near at hand. He has been known to build effigies of himself and others of his kind, he has been heard to shout exhortations to his fellows to come and do likewise as he went willingly to his death, his life's end, for something he calls a faith, he has been known to pass up his chance at earthly and human pleasures for a business he calls truth, he has been known to yearn his body away to a shell for something he has named beauty; and furthermore he sets up altars and worships beings he has never seen.

This creature walks on two legs and calls himself—for there is no one else to name him—man. He is you and I and every one of us and he has a history.

There are those among you now who would have you believe that that history has come to an end—that today's war is the final cataclysm which man has brought upon himself and which will finish him. There are others who will tell you that man's history has no significance at any rate, that his story is a cheerless welter of mistakes and that his race will pass into extinction and leave no mark. I would warn you tonight against both of these—the prophets of doom and the prophets of gloom. In order to do this, let me point you to your heritage.

I have said that man is a strange creature—that he does strange things. What is it that makes him strange—how does he differ from other animals?

Here is a short story. It hasn't much plot but I hope it has a point.

The scene is a wind-swept hill on a summer day. A boy and his dog have taken shelter from the hot sun beneath the shade of a lone tree on the very brow of the hill. The boy sits with his back to the tree gazing out over the valley beneath. The dog lies by his side. It is a fine dog, strong, courageous, faithful, and intelligent, as animals go. The boy is a good-looking lad with fair hair and blue eyes. In these eyes at the moment is a far away look. He is dreaming. The boy's brain is active; the mind of the dog is numb. The dog is contented; the boy is restless. The dog desires nothing but to sleep—the boy wants little short of the world. The boy lives in the future, his mind is alive with tremendous hopes and magnificent schemes; the dog lives for the moment, his mind conceives little beyond his bodily needs. The boy is indulging in that strange human practice of day-dreaming. The dog is indulging the purely animal need of sleep.

On the first page of your chapel service sheet is printed a passage from the writings of Sir Thomas Browne. He was a physician in 17th century England. *Religio Medici*, the title of his book from which the passage is taken, means simply the religion of a doctor. For there were people in his day who thought that all doctors must be atheists. God, they said, had made man after His image, and that was that. People should not go carving up corpses trying to find out what the nature of man was. It was a heresy to try to understand the handicraft of God.

Sir Thomas wrote his book partly to refute this claim and partly to put down in writing his own tremendous curiosity about the nature of man. For he wondered with an all-consuming wonder about the matter of life and death. But he was also a good church man and profoundly religious. "Raking in the bowels of the deceased," he said in his curious way, did not turn him to atheism but rather produced in him an awe in which he contemplated the whole mystery of creation.

The business of the nature of man interested him in particular. He was looking for man's soul—the attribute that set him apart from the animals—and lo, he could not find it. The corpse of a man produced essentially the same parts as that of any other animal. The dissecting knife could find no human part that might be the soul.

So after a long harangue on this topic Sir Thomas winds up with the passage I have already pointed you to,—“Thus we are man, and we know not how: there is something in us that can be without us, and will be after

us; though it is strange it hath no history what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entered in us."

What is this something? What is the soul of man? Men have sought the answer for ages but it has never been better given than in the passage from Sir Thomas Browne—and that passage gives it only as a qualified question mark. Nevertheless, that something, that soul, is the foundation stone of your heritage. From it spring all the works of man. And if we cannot locate it or describe it we can at least show the ways in which it manifests itself. For it is these manifestations of his soul which set man apart from other animals—it is these which give to your race a history and to you a heritage.

They are several in number, and they may be called by a variety of names but we may classify them roughly under four heads. They are wonder, aspiration, imagination, and discontent or disapproval.

Wonder is the quality which has made man ask the eternal question, why. It is the quality that has made a philosopher of man, goading him on to seek a reason for everything—even for his existence here. It is the quality that has made him inquire after the first cause, made him want to know how the world and life began, how the universe began, what was in existence before the beginning of eternity; and where the end is. Wonder gave birth to the words where, when, why, how and what.

Aspiration is the quality which has made man an artist and a worshipper. It would lift him out of himself and make him better than himself. It would have him emulate what he imagines the gods to be.

Imagination is the quality which has allowed man to see things before they exist so that he may strive to achieve them. It has pointed him ever to a new way of life, it has tempted him with magnificent plans and tremendous schemes. Combined with aspiration it has made him an artist. Combined with the fourth quality it has produced man, the scientist.

That fourth quality is discontent or disapproval. It is the most difficult to define and perhaps the most valuable of all the attributes of man. It is the most difficult to define because it is in a way merely a combination of the other three qualities. But in that very fact lies its great value, for all the other qualities partake of it and spring from it. It is a necessary and, indeed, a prime attribute of the scientist. Art becomes sterile without it. It is the very stuff of religion and philosophy. More than that, it is the driving force which carries all men through their daily toil.

From the beginning of his time man began to exhibit these qualities. Our early ancestors wondered at the rising of the sun, the falling of the rain, at all the multifold phenomena of nature about them and in them.

Early, too, we find the results of their imagination, the wheel, the harnessing of fire to their needs, the queer pictures they drew on the walls of their caves.

Aspiration was theirs. One of the earliest graves ever discovered bore

this epitaph—the body within must have been that of a philosopher of sorts—“He fell down a well while gazing at the stars.”

But the chief factor in their struggle for existence was their disapproval of things as they found them. A nut would not crack in their teeth so they hit it with a stone. The same stone would not cut down a tree so they sharpened the stone. The tree once fallen was hard to move so they invented the square wheel. The square wheel bumped so they fashioned the round wheel. That early discontent and disapproval began the accumulated heritage of material safeties and comforts which are yours today. Its story contains many great names—Hippocrates, Pythagoras, Galileo, Edison, Pasteur, Marconi, Einstein, Bell, and lately, Sir Frederick Banting—men of every age and race and creed.

After the early civilizations came the Greeks. Their great contribution to your heritage lay in the cultural field. Strangely marked in them are the qualities of wonder and aspiration. They were great seekers and great artists. Truth was their goal and beauty the high priestess of their art. Great was their achievement in sculpture and philosophy, in architecture and literature. The Parthenon still stands in Athens and will stand forever in countless pictures and models and in the minds of men, as a monument to free and uncoerced beauty, even though its physical remains be reduced to rubble in these coming days. The words of Plato and Socrates, or Aeschylus and Sophocles are yours, and their spirit will be ever, though the search for truth may be for a while an illegal and unpatriotic proceeding in some parts of the world.

Towards the time when Grecian brilliance was on the wane a man was born in Jerusalem. As he grew older he taught a doctrine which said all men were brothers and should love one another. He said love was a prime necessity for man's salvation. Some men called him the Son of God—and others thought him mad.

But a mighty Empire arose in the Western world, an empire of organizers and builders—an empire which believed in its own eternity and built things to last for just that period. The men of that Empire took over the culture of the Greeks. They added little to it but they forged it into buildings, and books, and laws. Then, as their life grew rich and soft, a great fear shook the Roman world. Fierce, energetic, dauntless men were pounding at the frontiers of their wide empire and, in the north, were breaking through. The men of Rome saw all that they had believed permanent disintegrating and passing away before their eyes. In fear they turned to a new faith—the faith of that Christ whom one of their governors had delivered to crucifixion in Judea. To that faith they erected a church and to it they attached that permanence which they had hitherto attached to the Empire.

That church did live on and carried with it, throughout a thousand years of darkness, a strange companion. That companion was the culture of Greece as the church had inherited it from Rome.

The period of the middle ages was dark—that is how we are accustomed to think of it—but it was far from barren. A new race had taken over Europe. The men from the north were in the lusty childhood of their civilization. For a thousand years they fought one another and preyed on one another, father killed son and brother slew brother.

But wonder and aspiration, imagination and disapproval were not dead. For those same men by their wonder about the nature of God contributed volumes to our theological literature. Gothic architecture is the finest example of religious aspiration in stone known to man. The Holy Roman Empire which they strove to create was a magnificent political conception—all men living at peace under the protective vigilance of one Emperor—all men worshipping as Christians under the spiritual guidance and fatherhood of the pope.

This was the period, too, of the dauntless faith which produced the first crusade, of the burning zeal which drove men to tear their bodies with whips and assume the hair shirt and solitude of the hermit. The Black Death came, cutting men down like the sickle of a careless harvester; and some men went mad, and some lay down naked on hot coals, and some turned cannibal, and some drank themselves to death. But in the monastery and the hermit's cell, in the church and in the field others worked on.

And the disapproval of mediaeval man finally brought on the Renaissance, when the culture of Greece and the law of Rome was rediscovered and passed on to succeeding generations together with the church of Christ.

The wonder, and aspiration and imagination and disapproval of the new masters of Europe added two great contributions to this heritage. One is the power of modern science, the other is the doctrine of the right of the individual. They, like all the achievements of men, have had evil results as well as good. The power of science has been and is being used to end the life of man as well as to prolong it, to make it insecure as well as to provide for its security. The doctrine of the right of the individual has caused bloody revolution, narrow patriotism, blatant nationalism, anarchy and war; even while it has liberated the oppressed and given rights and voice to those who hitherto had been without benefit of law.

This has been a brief and very sketchy attempt at portraying the amazing story of man. I am afraid that by attempting to show you so much in so short a while I may have succeeded only in confusing you. If so, I apologize.

But in a day such as ours, which to superficial examination may seem so dark and whose shadow falls on every man, I would beg of you to make yourselves familiar with man's story and with your heritage. For it is only by a knowledge of man's achievement in the past that you can keep a decent set of values in the world of to-day.

I mentioned the prophets of doom and gloom. Pay them little heed. There have been dark times before. There was a time when every road in Europe echoed to the marching feet of the Roman legionaires. There were hundreds of years when not a sun rose in the western world but it blazed upon the burnished wings of the imperial eagle of Rome. The legions are gone and the eagle has found new arms to bear—but the true grandeur that was Rome is with us still. History has been and will be ever thus; a changing and a growing but never complete tragedy and death. I assure you that the work of the great men of the past is not to be blown away in the boastings of some of the leaders of our present day. I assure you that our civilization goes too deep to have its roots torn up by the shells and bombs

of this generation. I assure you that man's courage and endurance and ability for work and faith are a metal too tried and proved in the fires and infernos of history to dissolve away into nothingness before the blast of a few men's anger.

The world is at war. Though it is none of your making it must be fought out to a finish that you may get on to a better use of your heritage. It is your immediate affair. The doctor of preventive medicine does not throw up his hands and quit if disease comes. He resorts to a curative method that he may later get on with his work when the disease is past.

Your heritage is great. The qualities of wonder, aspiration, imagination and discontent are still yours. Use them. Fire and the wheel and the axe are yours; the truths of the Greeks are yours if you dare defend them; the stainless moral garment of Christ is yours if you have the courage to put it on; the laws of Rome are yours to save from oblivion; the power of science is yours to turn to a constructive end; the rights of man are yours to proclaim aloud in the public places.

John Bright said to his generation 100 years ago "You are the heirs of all the ages, you may stand on the shoulders of your forefathers and look over their heads." The same applies to you in this hour.

Count this war but as a mistake in the total life of man. A builder who places a brick awry does not give up and let the building fall. The mistake must be paid for, corrected, and the work must go on.

Therefore, do not listen to the prophets of doom and gloom. Do not bemoan your lot, but count yourselves fortunate to be partners in this great undertaking; citizens of this wide city.

As citizens you must pay your taxes of sorrow and hardship if you expect to share in the rewards of human happiness, human brotherhood, and that intangible satisfaction that is the rarest and greatest of all human joys—the service to a common cause, the sharing of a common faith, the knowledge that your courage and your strength, your muscle and your brain, your desiring and your aspiration, your hopes and fears, your love, your pity, your wonder are working toward a common goal; that these are placing you shoulder to shoulder, not with your generation only but with all the generations past and all the generations yet to be. So the great race of man will move onward, goaded by the whips of discontent, lured by beauty's retreating star, worshipping at the altar of a still veiled truth. And many will fall by the wayside, and many will shirk their job, and some will take wrong paths to oblivion, and whole generations will follow the prophets of false faiths to destruction. But the earth will go on and man will go on; and somewhere, someday, in an age a long way off, in a city you will never know, among faces you will never see, that strange creature, man, may find his answer.



1



2



3



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7

Among Those On Active Service

1—FREDERICK TOLLER

2—HARRY TOLLER

3—GORDON KERNOHAN

4—RONALD H. PERRY

5—GEORGE H. FLEMING

6—JOHN C. CLARKE

7—ROBERT M. MONCUR

Roll of Service

EX-MEMBERS OF STAFF AND STUDENT BODY OF PICKERING COLLEGE
ON ACTIVE SERVICE

ARMY

BAKER, G. W. COURTLAND
BURNETT, JOHN EDWARD
CARROLL, GHENT
CARMICHAEL, HOWARD A.
CHARLTON, GEORGE A.
CHARTERS, S.
CHESTER, LORNE E.
CLARKE, HUGH H.
CLARKE, JOHN C.
CONNOR, RALPH A.
COULSON, JOHN
CRAWFORD, WILLIAM
CURRY, GEORGE D.
DUNCAN, DONALD G.
DYER, ARTHUR R.
HILL, WILLIAM H.
HOBSON, JAMES O.
HOLMES, O. WENDELL G.
HUNT, JOHN B.
IVEY, PETER J.
JACKSON, ROWLAND P.
KETTLE, ORVAL H.

LANDER, DAVID H.
LANDER, JOHN L.
LEITCH, WM. MCC.
MINNES, ALLEN
MILLS, HAROLD J.
MONCUR, ROBERT M.
MORRISON, BRUCE A.
MC CREERY, SAM
MCNALLY, ROBERT H.
OILLE, WILLIAM A.
OSBORNE, J. SOMERSET
PALMER, HAMILTON Z.
PEACE, WILLIAM R.
ROBINSON, JOHN S.
ROOS, ROBERT P.
ROSS, GEORGE WILLIAM
STATTEN, TAYLOR JR.
SIMPSON, DOUGLAS
STORMS, PETER
TICKNER, DOUGLAS S.
WALLWIN, HENRY
WILSON, DONALD GEORGE

AIR FORCE

BAILEY, RONALD Y.
BARTON, WALLACE S.
BISHOP, GORDON F.
BRANDON, NORRIS D.
BUSKARD, GLEN T. BURNETT
CHARLES, JOHN H.
CLELAND, CALDER L.
CLELAND, DOUGLAS J.
COPP, W. EDWIN
COWAN, KENNETH A.
COSTE, FRANK E.
DUNLEVIE, MICHAEL G.
EAKINS, JAMES R.
FLEMING, GEORGE H.
GALBRAITH, DONALD C.
GLENDINNING, BRUCE W.
HALE, EDWARD B.
HALL, JAMES D.
HARDY, GEORGE

JEFFERY, RICHARD H. C.
KINTON, CLARE
KNIGHT, ALAN J.
KNIGHT, JOHN R.
LEWIS, REGINALD S.
MACADAMS, HAROLD W.
MACALLUM, IAN
MACKENZIE, KENNETH A.
MACLAREN, KENNETH
MARSH, F. PETER
MCCOMB, JAMES A.
MEREDITH, JACK MCL.
MILLS, FRANK
NESBITT, MURRAY H.
OILLE, VERNON
ORMOND, WILLIAM HORACE
PERRY, RONALD H.
PHIPPS, DAVID A.

AIR FORCE—Continued

RANDALL, W. BRUCE
RICHARDSON, CARLTON DEW.
ROBERTSON, JAMES A.
SHORE, TAYLOR
SUTCLIFFE, ROBT. J.
SORLEY, JAMES B.
TAYLOR, BRUCE W.
TAYLOR, WILLIAM C.
TERRY, BENJAMIN R.

THOMPSON, A. CAMERON
THOMPSON, FRASER H.
TOWNLEY, WM. BARKER
VAUGHAN, J. LESLIE
WAKEFIELD, EDGAR W.
WALLACE, EDWARD W.
WORTHINGTON, JOHN W.
YOUNG, JOHN MCC.

NAVY

HUNT, BARRINGTON C.
KERNOHAN, GORDON E.
ROSS, DUNCAN B.
TOLLER, FREDERICK
TOLLER, HARRY
CARSCALLEN, GERALD

OTHER SERVICE

DALY, F. ST. L.
EDMISON, HARRY
HILTS, ALVIN
STEPIENS, LLEWELYN
WIDDRINGTON, G. N. T.

(It is recognized that this list is not necessarily complete. We would appreciate it if errors or omissions are reported).

Marriages

JOSEPH JAMES BROWN—MADELINE ROWENA MULHOLLAND
on May 18th, 1940, at Toronto

ARTHUR AVERY BUCKLEY—IRENE OLIVE MCCULLEY
on December 7th, 1940, at Toronto

WILLIAM C. BURRILL—SUSAN ELSIE WATSON
on June 14, 1941, at Hamilton

WILLIAM PRESTON DAVIDSON—ELIZABETH GWENDOLYN HISCOCKS
on August 3rd, 1940, at Lethbridge, Alberta

STUART CADMAN DEAN—MARY LOUISE HELEN OWENS
on February 22nd, 1941, at Toronto

JACK AMBROSE DENNE—DORIS PROWSE
on May 30th, 1941, at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island

JAMES EAKINS—LORRAINE PENROSE
on January 25th, 1941, at Newmarket, Ontario

EDWARD B. HALE—ANNE MARTIN
on June 7th, 1941, at Kingston, Ontario

JAMES D. HALL—LOUISE BLAYLOCK
on September 14th, 1940, at Calgary, Alberta

STANLEY DAURRELL HARRIS—MARGARET ELEANOR BOWLBY
on June 7th, 1941, at Hamilton, Ont.

RICHARD HENRY CRAM JEFFERY—MARGARET EVELYN MILLER
on September 24th, 1940, at Toronto.

The Voyager

- CHARLES THEODORE KING – ANN DIAMOND
on June 8th, 1941, at Montreal, Quebec
- WILLIAM MCLENNAN LEITCH – MILDRED MAY ISRAEL
on February 5th, 1941, at Kitchener, Ontario
- IAN MACALLUM – EDITH JOHNSON
on June 17th, 1941, at Yarmouth, N.S.
- EDWARD GIBSON MACK – RUTH HARRIETTE DAVIES
on August 3rd, 1940, at Syracuse, New York
- DONALD KEMP MCINTOSH – ELEANOR ALICE MAE THOMPSON
on March 10th, 1941, at Lynwood, California
- TERENCE BASIL McKEE – DOROTHEA PATRICIA McKENZIE
on August 3rd, 1940, at Peterborough, Ontario
- JOHN WALLACE McNICHOL – DOROTHY AUDRIENNE KAY
on September 8th, 1939, at Hamilton
- FRANK MILLS – EDITH JOY UPJOHN
on February 1st, 1941, at Toronto
- WILLIAM HORACE ORMOND – ELDRED FETTA JENKINS
on November 1st, 1940, at Calgary, Alberta
- HARRY STANTON PEACE – ELIZABETH HELEN LABBETT
on October 19th, 1940, at Toronto
- CLIFFORD POOLE – MARGARET PARSONS
on June 7th, 1941, at Toronto
- JACK W. RAYNER – MARGARET SORENSON
October 12th, 1940, at Toronto
- HARVEY BOYD SANDERSON – JUNE ELIZABETH BUTCHER
December 27, 1940, at Detroit
- EDGAR WILFRID SHAVER – HELEN IRENE BLACK
on November 23rd, 1940, at Hamilton
- TAYLOR STATTON JR. – ALICE FERNLEE TURNER
on December 7th, 1940, at Toronto
- MURRAY EDWARD TALMAGE – ANNE BERYL LORRAINE HOWELL
on October 5th, 1940, at Hamilton
- GORDON THOMAS – MARION ISOBEL GILLIES
on July 1st, 1941, at St. Thomas
- FREDERICK TOLLER – ETHAL SOUTHAM
on November 9th, 1940, at Ottawa
- C. FREDERICK M. TURFUS – THERESA JEAN CARMICHAEL
on October 12th, 1940, at Westmount, Quebec
- JACK CAMERON WALKER – EVELYN MARIE BROWN
on October 26th, 1940, at Toronto
- HARVEY LLOYD WARD – IVY VERNON BROWN
on June 15th, 1940, at Toronto
- KENNETH ARTHUR WELDON – AUDREY ALLWORTH SILCOX
on April 14th, 1941, at Toronto

First Picture—Strange Innertube
 Next—Housing Plan
 Third—Pre-action
 Last—Growing Boy



Top Picture—Blue Jays
 Next—Try the Plugs
 Third—Fast Hundred
 Fourth—Sports Day
 Fifth—Sam, Son and Garratt Cane
 Last—Spring Song



Staff Notes

IN VIEW OF THE AMOUNT OF MATERIAL at hand for this column, we would ask those persons mentioned herein to excuse the brevity of the treatment. It would take the better part of our book to do justice to the exploits of each of you. Yet, even so, we feel that our information about some of you is not complete and up to date. If so, would you drop us a line, that such may not be the case in future publications.—ED.)

Best wishes to the one-time active members of the staff now serving with the armed or the auxiliary forces:— Ronald Perry, Taylor Shore, Norris Brandon, G. N. T. Widdrington, F. St. L. Daly, Alvin Hiltz, Harry Edmison, Ghent Carroll.

During 1940 Mr. McCulley was president of the Canadian Headmasters Association. The annual meeting of the Association took place at the school during the Christmas break. The banquet on that occasion was addressed by Mr. R. S. Lambert of the Canadian Adult Education Association who spoke on the subject: *Private Schools and Democracy*.

Mr. McCulley attended the American Headmasters Association meeting at Rye, New York last winter and will attend the Eighth International Conference of the New Education Fellowship at Ann Arbor this summer, July 6-12, as Canadian representative on the Executive Committee. The Headmaster plans to take several of his students with him on this trip.

Taylor Statten or "The Chief" has been elected President of the American Camping Association and President of the Metropolitan Board of the Y.M.C.A. of Toronto.

We congratulate R. E. K. Rourke on the recent publication of the Algebra text for Upper School on which he and Professor Miller of Queens University collaborated. The book has been given an enthusiastic reception by those qualified to be enthusiastic about so scholarly a work; besides which it has had a sale far out of proportion to the general run of text books. We understand that the same public who have acclaimed the Algebra are now awaiting the Trigonometry text that is to follow and on which Miller and Rourke have been at work for some months.

We would further congratulate Mr. Rourke on his appointment last year as Assistant Headmaster of Pickering College and Director of Studies. No one who has witnessed the slot system timetable in operation could regret the latter; no one who has worked with Mr. Rourke could have other than wholehearted approval for the former.

Department of slight anti-climax: Mr. Rourke was the only Canadian Delegate to the American Conference of Teachers of Mathematics this past February. He will spend his summer training air force students in Mathematics.

Changes in the staff set up at the school this year see Harry Beer as Housemaster of Schoolhouse. He and Mrs. Beer have therefore occupied the Southern Suite lately vacated by the Hodgetts. Rudy Renzius has become

Superintendent of Buildings and chief of the creative and manual arts department. Donald Stewart is in charge of the Latin department while retaining his former position as head of the English department.

Mr. Arthur Buckley of Central Y.M.C.A. and Camp Pinecrest married the school dietitian, the former Miss Irene McCulley. They are now known, of course, as Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Buckley.

The institution of a preparatory department at Pickering has added to the staff, Mr. Ross Thompson as teacher in charge of the younger boys' studies.

Mr. Reg. Blackstock, physical director, is editor of the *Physical Education Bulletin*. He recently released his post as Secretary-Treasurer of the Canadian Physical Education Association.

The school bid a temporary farewell to "Pop" Perry just before Christmas when he was called to the Air Force. In his place we welcome Ranald Ide of Sackville to the staff.

Harvey Ward of last year's staff is teaching at Strathroy, Peter Colgrove at Forrest Hill Village Schools.

The tutors this year are Van Laughton and Thomas Myers. New tutorial responsibilities in Firth House are the Prep. Dep't. youngsters.

The staff miss the presence of last year's senior Housemaster Hodgetts and wish his wife and himself the very best for the future at Lakefield where Mr. Hodgetts has been appointed assistant Headmaster.

John Byrne of Toronto has taken over the teaching of Art at Pickering. Gerald Rutledge of Newmarket has replaced Clifford Poole as Music Director.

Best wishes in his new ventures to Gordie Thomas who is leaving the school this year.



T. RANALD IDE

The Graduating Class of 1941

FAREWELL AND BEST WISHES to our graduating class of 1941! Here below we present the highlights of the careers of those members of the honour matriculation and business fifth courses who are leaving Pickering this year.

APPLE, BARNEY—Five year man; specialist in maths and science; member of the Polikon club; actively interested in the Dramatics and Glee clubs, playing principal role in both productions this year; one of the original Payoffers, holder of Intermediate shot put record, star at volleyball and tennis. His future? Bosun.

ALLAN, HARVIE—One year man, but made a real place for himself in the school during that short time; valuable member of the School Committee; member of the Twelfth Club; played Senior football, one of our trainees. We predict for his future—Sergeant-Major.

BAMFORD, TERRY—Six year man, we expect the place to fold after his departure; interested and able in all forms of athletics; two year Colour men; member of the School committee; for two or three years a driving force behind the Quaker Cracker and one-time editor; must also be connected with the Voyager since he kept pestering me until this article was completed; Widdrington award; oldest member of the Kosmo Club; has had the unique experience of being trampled upon in public. His future?—without a doubt weather prognosticator.

BEER, CHARLES—A five year man; specialist in English History and the humanities; member of the Kosmo club; interested in journalism, Cracker and Voyager; active member of the Dramatic Club at all times. Future?—City Editor.

BISHOP, MICHAEL—One year man, we are sorry he won't be with us another year; mathematician extraordinary; member of the first hockey team and one of our best tennis players; member of the Root of Minus 1 Club. Future?—Discoverer of a new theory of relativity.

DONALDSON, DICK—Three year man; came to us from the United States; played first team rugby; faithful member of the Dramatic and Glee Clubs. His future? United States Minister to Ottawa.

FROSST, ELIOT—A four year man, took the student lead in the Glee Club production this year, quarter-back on the first rugby team, one of our best skiers; member of the Root of Minus One Club. Future? D'Oyly Carte.

GRAHAM, CHARLES—Two year man; secretary of the school Committee all year, played first team rugby and hockey (Colours); member of Twelve Club and chorister in Glee Club, Captain of Blue Team, Garret Cane. Like the rest of us, he's still wondering what Jay is laughing at. Future—Financial Magnate.

GRAY, ARTHUR—One year man who fast became school character; revived the Pickering Printer's Guild in spite of Shubik, the type of intellect that traditional schooling hampers rather than inspires, we feel he will be an inventor of something confused and wonderful.

GUBERMAN, WALLY—Three year man from the breezy west; member of the Twelve Club; played first team rugby and hockey (two year Colour man); a very able seller of ads. His future? Successful advertising manager.

KURATA, LUCIEN—Three year man; interested in Dramatics and Glee Clubs; a good all-round (no pun intended) student; we predict an academic life.

JAY, WILLIAM—Three year man; member of the School Committee all year; Widdrington Award; President of Cosmo Club; played first team rugby; chairman of dance committee; when not thus engaged in winter months, he skis; we believe he will best combine his various talents as business manager of Ziegfeld Follies.

MORLAND, JIMMY—One year threat from North Bay; member of School Committee; member of Twelve Club; first team rugby, captain of first hockey team; another of our trainees; we predict his future will be spent disobeying orders issued by Sgt.-Major Allan.

MURPHY, ARTHUR—Two year man from Stayner, member of Twelve Club; alternate goal-keeper on first hockey team for two years; member of Glee Club. His future? Radio Engineer.

PERKIN, REG.—Two year streak from Unionville; member of School Committee; played first team rugby and hockey; Colours in 1939-40; member of Root of Minus One Club; captained the Red Team; Senior Hurdle record holder; a pillar of our Committee; we're sorry he won't be with us longer. Future? Who, Perkin? Werkin!

ROGERS, ALLAN—Six year man; thrice elected chairman of the School Committee, which is the greatest honour the student body can bestow on one of their fellows; played first team hockey; Colours in 1939-40; helped coach junior rugby team; Widdrington Award; Garrett Cane; a good archer; member of Twelve Club; Future? Obviously chairman of the Board of Directors.

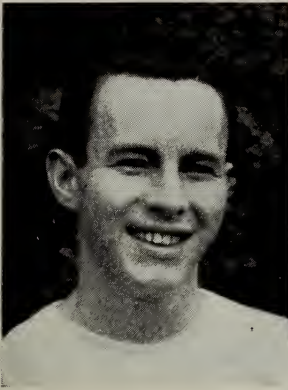
SPAULDING, JACK—Two year man with mathematical bent; member of Polikon Club; football tackler of note; member of Dramatic Club; beware of his quiet humour. Future? Solving room-mate Frosst's problems.

Sports Day

ON THE LAST SATURDAY of May, Pickering held its annual Sports Day, which has been predominant at the school since its re-opening in 1927. The usual crowd consisted of pleased parents with "beaming" faces over the antics of their small sons.

The meet itself found the three teams battling for top honours, with records literally being smashed all day. (They even had Jay working). Standout athletes were Malkin, Bamford, Brandt and Perkin in the senior class, MacNeil in the intermediates and Detwiler and Dutton in the junior class. At the end of the day it was found that Cornell's Silvers just edged out Tuttle's Blues, with Davis' Reds — — — Well — — —!

The school again was honoured by the presence of Sir William Mullock, who made his third appearance at the school this year.



CHARLES GRAHAM
Garratt Award



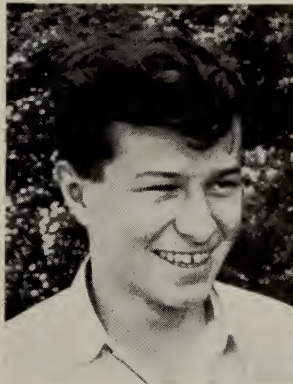
ALLAN ROGERS
*Garratt Award and
Widdrington Award*

WINNERS

The Garratt Cane---Awarded by the members of the graduating class each year to that student among them who in their opinion has made the finest contribution to the life of the school during his years as a student. This year Allan Rogers and Charles Graham found equal favour in the eyes of their class-mates.

The Widdrington Award--For unselfish contribution to school life. On the plaque this year will be inscribed the names of Bill Jay, Terry Bamford and Allan Rogers.

The Firth House Honour Award---For outstanding contribution to the life of Firth House. This year awarded by the staff and students of that house to Ben. Budgeon.



TERRY BAMFORD
Widdrington Award



BILL JAY
Widdrington Award

WINNERS



TOP—Haskell, Allan, Jos. McCulley, Perkin, Morland.
BELOW—Cornell, Graham, Rogers, Jay, Bamford, H. M. Beer.

The School Committee

AT THE BEGINNING of each of the three terms the Senior school House gathers for elections. At these times a group of candidates for the school Committee are nominated by the students and then ballots are cast. On each ballot eight names of nominees must be marked. Beside one name on each ballot will appear a check mark. In this way the President of the school Committee and his seven assistants are chosen.

Once in power the Committee controls student affairs for a single term. At the end of each term they must submit to a new election. Congratulations to Alan Rogers, who this year held the post of President for three successive terms and to Charles Graham, who duplicated this feat as secretary.

Membership on the school Committee carries with it a great deal of responsibility. To fulfil the duties attached to a post on this body and to fulfil them in such a way as to give leadership and inspiration to the remainder of the school whose confidence has been given the committee-man is no small task and one deserving of the highest praise. This year's successive committees qualify on every count for such high acclaim.



Literary Section

The Escape

by CHARLES BEER

IT WAS MIDNIGHT when the two Germans—one was an artillery officer whose tall Aryan appearance was in striking contrast to the dark, squat character of his companion, a seaman—escaped from the prison-train, and by four A.M., after having threaded their way cautiously through wood, meadow, and swamp, (always avoiding the highway, for neither spoke English), they reached the St. Lawrence River. Through the fog, raised by their panting breath they saw on the further bank the flickering lights of an American town. Across that moonlit expanse of water lay freedom, while somewhere in the menacing obscurity behind them was the endless stagnation of a camp for prisoners-of-war. It was a matter of time now, for by six o'clock the rising sun would make discovery inevitable. The thought of the khaki-clad searchers, closing in for the kill, while they lay quaking in some bramble thicket or muddy bog, was a spur to action. They separated to look for a boat

Just before dawn Ulrich found the skiff. It was hidden in a bed of rushes by the river's edge, but was betrayed by a recent coat of bright red paint. In a moment Otto, the artillery officer was by his side, the boat was launched, and with the artilleryman at the oars, was skimming swiftly through the early morning dusk. A low, clinging mist hung over the river. Above them a flock of geese honked warningly. The water lapped eagerly at the prow of the little skiff and now and then some drops spattered Otto, who sat rigid in the stern, his sharp white nose and worried eyes straining into the distance, seeking the first sign of a haven.

Suddenly, Ulrich stopped rowing. Now that the oars had ceased their swishing sound, perfect stillness filled the air. The world seemed to have stopped moving at the same time as the little boat and the surrounding mist emphasized the isolation of the two men. "In gloom the twain were wrapped and they alone."

The artillery officer looked at his companion in the stern. Somewhere a train whistle shrieked. The little one began to protest at the delay—

"Listen," said the other, "listen to me." He fixed the seaman with his eyes and began to talk in a level, penetrating voice. . . .

On a cold winter day in December 1938, a sharp-nosed little man stood outside a large, brightly lit department store on the Bismarckstrasse in Berlin. Homeward-bound crowds shuffled by him, driven on by the bitter cold, and a lashing snow. The swastikas flapped disconsolately in the wind and the little man stamped his feet and blew on his hands for relief from the bleak chilliness. He continually peered into the faces of the passersby, and occasionally glanced across the streets and shook his head. Time passed, the throng thinned out, but the watcher remained. And then, suddenly, he stiffened like a pointer sighting a pheasant. A dark-haired woman whose bearing, despite the shabby clothes, was almost regal, had caught his eyes. Hastily he forced his way through the press and, reaching her, looked earnestly into her face. Then he waved his arm and from the other side

of the Bismarckstrasse there came two men with lean, watchful faces and neat blue uniforms—the secret police. They halted the woman and placed her under arrest, after questioning the little man.

“Yes,” he replied, “this is the woman. Frieda Eckhardt.” His face contorted in a half-smile and turning he ducked into the night . . .

“You see,” Ulrich concluded, “my name is Eckhardt and she was my wife. I had never planned revenge, but when we met on the prison-train (they had once described my wife’s informer to me) I recognized you and I acquiesced in the end fate had long ago prepared for you. I am merely the instrument.” He stopped talking.

A cool breeze had sprung up and the mist was beginning to fade. The grey morning twilight retreated before the searching rays of the dawn. Hitherto, the listener, Otto, had sat transfixed but now he rose, his face grey and taut-skinned, his trembling hands groping before him, and for a full minute the mad fear in his eyes gazed into the face of Ulrich. That terrified gaze hung still for an eternity, until with a low, moaning cry, he sank to the floor of the boat. . . .

For several minutes the tall man stood erect in the boat, staring down at a series of expanding ripples where something had disturbed the surface of the water. Then he shook his head as a dog shakes itself on coming from the water and, glancing briefly at the further bank, stooped to the oars and put his back into it. The mist had now completely vanished and the sun, breasting the horizon, shot its rays over the surface of the river, which floated on, impervious to the petty human drama which had momentarily disturbed its ageless serenity.

Silence

by WARREN GALE

Silence.

The siren’s eerie wail pierces the murky night,
A distant hum, a roar, wake up and fight!

The reverberating thunder of the booming guns,
Democracy’s steadfast answer to the evil ones

The fires smoulder and die, the great voices still
“Proud Nation, have no fear, for win we will.”

Then Silence.

Vendetta

by PETER ESHELBY

NO ONE QUITE KNEW how it had started; let it suffice to say that throughout all Corsica it was a natural and recognized fact that whenever a Paoli met a Bastia, or vice versa, it was best for onlookers to seek the nearest cover available. As for the members of the families, who were they to question the origin of the feud? Was it not an heritage, handed down from their fathers, and their fathers before them?

The vendetta reached its climax one sultry morning in July. Carlo Bastia, the oldest member of the line, was returning at a leisurely pace on his aged burro, from the market with one of his two sons, when three clouds of smoke, closely followed by the same number of reports drifted lazily from the ledge on one side of the ravine. The father and son fell almost together, the latter contriving to throw a protecting arm across his parent. A further shot followed, kicking up a little spurt of dust near the bodies, and causing the donkey to neigh discordantly and gallop like a demon possessed in the direction of the village.

It is unnecessary to go into all the gruesome details of the reprisals which followed in natural consequence to this action. Be it said that as a result one male member of each family was left to carry on the traditions of his line.

Meanwhile, the thunder clouds had been gathering in Europe, until one fine August morning the storm broke. Urged on by the fighting blood of their race, Antonio Bastia and Paoli Fontanaccia received the blessings of their fathers' widows and went on their way.

It was a pure coincidence that they should both have been assigned to the same escadrille of the arme de l'air. Still further was it a chance of Fate that the kindly adjutant assigned them to the same flight.

In the mess they preserved an air of stony courtesy, since it was an unforgivable sin to attack even the most hated of one's enemies in the house of another.

Their separate applications for permission to employ the lone wolf tactics *fiorfeo fuynemer* were accepted, and early the following morning they took off from opposite ends of the aerodrome in pursuit of prey. They both inherited the natural fighting ability of the Corsican, and their will to engage in the age-old pastime of killing lent wings to their skill both figuratively and practically.

The dawn was tinging the clouds with a golden radiance as a German Rumpier flew slowly along beneath the low strata. Nearing the lines, the plane's engine rose a little in pitch as, nose inclined upward, it began climbing beyond the range of the front line anti-aircraft batteries. It was at this moment that the observer noticed a black shape rapidly approaching from above. Gesticulating wildly, he called the pilot's attention to it. The latter's answer was to reverse the plane's direction in the shortest possible time. Suddenly a jagged row of holes appeared in the port wing. Then the plane, becoming suddenly sluggish, turned in a vertical spiral. The

pilot, shouted to his companion "Querruder mit verjungten Enden!" and promptly bailed out. His companion was not long in following suit.

Up above, Antonio stared at his guns in utter amazement. Had they not fired without his touching them? Yet fired they had. For there below was the German plane. By some miracle it had righted itself and was flying in his direction . . . No, it was not the Rumpier. It was a Spad . . . a Spad of his own squadron. Antonio cursed at having been balked of his prey. However, all's fair in war, he thought as he turned his machine in the direction of the other. And then he recognized the pilot. Grinning at him from beneath his goggles was Paoli. A sudden surge of hot fury enveloped Antonio. Kicking his machine into a screaming chandelle, he banked round on his sworn foe. The other had already recognized him.

It would be impossible to record all the gyrations and manoeuvres made by the wildly skidding planes. In a moment of time they completed every known and unknown form of attack. And then they crashed—crashed in a deafening crackling of wood and torn fabric, mixed with the clash of steel against steel. Interlocked, the planes fell to earth. . . .

They were simple sons of the soil, these men who had been assigned to bury the charred remains of the two enemy aviators. They had been dragged into war by no wish of their own. One of them scratched his head. "Very sad. One is shot down and trapped and the other goes into the wreckage to rescue him." And he shook his head. This was indeed a fairly natural observation, for one of the dead men was embracing the other round the waist and the other was clasping his comrade's head. Closer inspection, however, would have disclosed a knife sunk to the hilt in one of the men's kidneys; and the pressure on the other's neck was hardly amicable. If one had had this information, it might have been possible to piece together the story, especially if one knew they had never been very friendly.

The Captive

by GHENT DAVIS

The cell grows lighter, and the shadows fly
Portraying grim patterns against the wall;
In this short time I remember all,
Of why I am here and why I die.

In the early dawn they will come for me,
And march me out past the windows barred;
Tho' they splatter my blood in the grey court-yard,
They quench not the light of Democracy.

My country is England, and proud I be
To have done my part and served her well.
For that chance again, I would gladly sell
My body for all eternity.

The thing I regret I shall not see
Is the continuance of God's gift,—this Liberty.

Casualty

by TERRY BAMFORD

ON A COLD MORNING, somewhere in the North Atlantic, a little freighter was fighting its way through the choppy seas, bound for England with a cargo of precious foodstuffs. On the bridge of the squat, grimy, boat, stood the captain and the first mate, old sea dogs, both of them, yet shivering with cold as the raw, icy wind cut through their heavy woolen greatcoats, and pierced to the very marrow of their bones.

The captain was scanning the seas with powerful binoculars, looking for the tell-tale strip of smooth water, which would reveal the presence of the dread enemy of all merchant shipping, the submarine. For all his vigilance, however, the captain was in fine spirits. In an hour or so, land would be sighted; land which would mean the safe ending of another hazardous voyage. Little matter that he must take the same risks many times more—the captain lived in the present. He had to. Thinking of an uncertain future was not good for a man in whom was vested the responsibility for twenty lives, to say nothing of the ship and its contents. Thus the captain was cheerful, even as he drew his coat closer about his neck in a vain attempt to keep out the intense cold.

The mate's thoughts were not so cheerful. He knew the close proximity of land, and was thankful for it. But he was also a firm believer in the old proverb, "Don't count your chickens——." He knew from personal experience what it was to be torpedoed. Three short months ago he had been standing on the bridge of a similar vessel, when suddenly a thunderous explosion had blasted a gaping hole in the side of the ship. Within two minutes it had sunk and only a pitiful five men, including himself, had managed to grab lifebelts and leap into the sea, from which, by purest chance, they were rescued by a warship, some two hours later. He had no desire to repeat that gruelling experience and therefore his vigilance on the bridge with the captain was coupled with anxious forebodings.

In their vantage points about the ship, were scattered the men of the watch, faces buried in the collars of their pea jackets, thus obtaining some relief from the freezing wind. Cold, but cheerful, they too were looking forward to the end of the voyage and often cast hopeful glances toward the east. In the foc'sle the watch below were lying in their bunks, deep in the fathomless slumber of the utterly exhausted. Some dreamt of wives and sweethearts soon to be seen again. Others dreamed of the cozy warmth of their favourite pub and the comfortable companionship of old cronies. Far down in the bowels of the ship, the black gang pitched coal into the blazing fire of the boiler, sweat pouring from their soot-blackened bodies. Frantically they worked, and their efforts caused thick black smoke to pour from the funnel.

Suddenly, from the lookout post rang the joyous cry, "Land-ahoy." The captain swung his glasses in the direction where land should be and sure enough the vague outline of the coast of Ireland could just be seen. His face relaxed into a wide grin. Even the mate allowed the tense muscles of his bronzed face to slacken, almost imperceptibly.

Some of the sleeping crew had been wakened by the stentorian shout of the lookout and they lost no time in waking their comrades. Then, on to the deck they all rushed, eager to catch a glimpse of the welcome land. No one cheered. No word was spoken. They were tough, hardened seamen, and such a display of unmanly emotion could not be countenanced. But their joy showed clearly in their faces and in their actions. They fidgeted, longing for something to do, something to speed up the ship.

The news soon penetrated to the boiler room. The stokers redoubled their efforts and no longer was the sharp oversight of their officers needed.

The little freighter may have been a grim and ugly looking sight, but at that moment it contained a wealth of joy.

It was then, that the torpedo struck. The tremendous explosion literally lifted the ship out of the water. Those on the bridge were dashed against the wall of the deckhouse. The crew, caught in the act of descending to the foc'sle were tumbled down the stairs in a confused mass of arms and legs. Many of those in the boiler room died instantly as the deadly torpedo stove in the side of the ship and burst the boilers, from which poured dense clouds of scalding steam. The few survivors hastily scrambled up the companion-way to the deck where the rest of the crew were vainly attempting to launch the one remaining lifeboat.

Suddenly another deafening explosion rocked the ship anew. Another torpedo had struck. The single lifeboat was smashed into a thousand parts as it hung by its davits. Men were scattered about the deck, dead or dying, while the few still able to walk, staggered about aimlessly. Fire, which had broken out in the hold after the first torpedo, now assumed ugly proportions and flames leapt out of the hatchways, seeking to gain a foothold on the superstructure.

The ship itself was keeling over with alarming rapidity. Men dove over the side, preferring the sea to the flames. As the water reached the fire, dense black smoke rose from the ship high into the atmosphere. Finally, with one last convulsive shudder, the gallant little boat heaved, and then disappeared beneath the waves, leaving a frothy bubbling where it had been. Soon, even this had gone, and only a few scattered pieces of wood remained to break the vast expanse of ocean.

The sinking of this vessel would be listed in the Admiralty report of shipping losses. Mr. Average Citizen would glance at it, say, "Too bad," and then turn to the sports. A few more households would hang a black crepe on the front door. Otherwise, the loss of the old freighter was of little significance. It was just another casualty in the Battle of Britain.

The Preparatory Department

THIS YEAR saw the introduction of a Preparatory department at Pickering. Boys ranging in age from seven to twelve years and of pre-High school academic standing came in as boarders to Firth House, where they were under the guidance of Housemaster Blackstock, assisted by Thomas Myers and Van Laughton, this year's tutorial staff. Mr. Ross Thompson directed the academic end of the little fellows' training.

Many of the lads in the Prep. were from England. These, with the addition of quite a group of Canadian boys, made up a very promising group of future senior scholars.

The activities of the Prep., apart from straight academics, were many and varied. During the fall term much time was spent on the school farm and wandering about the countryside in general. Team games were also organized and carried out with boisterous enthusiasm. The winter term provided plenty of snow and during these weeks the little fellows took to skates and skis and sleighs. Spring found them playing at lacrosse and baseball and cricket. Boys in the senior school are already weighing the possibilities of the Prep. school candidates for intramural teams. Indeed they have already taken part in the Bantam section of the intramural programme and field day found no more enthusiastic nor hard-working participants.

Apart from athletics the boys have spent much time in the work-shop, have visited factories and other places of interest, have attended one theatre party in Toronto on the occasion of a suitable picture, have published three editions of a Prep. newspaper and have in general contributed no small share to the life of the School.

Plans are being made for an increase in the Prep. next year as indications show that such will undoubtedly be needed. To this year's group *The Voyager* wishes a happy summer. We appreciated your presence this year and hope to see you all with us again in the fall.

Two Contributions from the Prep. Dept.

THE MAN WITH FORTY FEET

As I came walking down the street,
Walking, walking down the street,
I met a man with forty feet,
And forty legs and arms.

I said, "Why have you forty feet";
"Because I ate up too much meat;
And when you eat up too much meat,
You always do get forty feet."

MICHAEL GUNN, Grade VI

Green Paint

IN 1939 and in war-torn France lived a young, fair-haired, blue-eyed, French boy named Pierre Grellet. Dwelling in the slum port of Dunkirk, he and his widowed mother lived a terrible life. He was a noble boy, helping his mother all he could during the gruesome* hours of necessity. Air raids were frequent.

The *poilus* of Dunkirk and other surrounding towns and cities had been notified of a dangerous spy ring lurking in among streets and houses of Dunkirk. Four hundred francs was the reward for any information leading to the capture of these anti-allied trouble makers.

One dark, lonely and misty night Pierre came home from painting the roof of a munition factory. But for a light green spot of paint on his lapel, his clothes were spotless. He was thinking about the end of the war and happiness for the rest of his life, when out of the night came the flash of a torchlight held by an unknown person.

A thin, rough voice of German origin broke the dead silence of blacked-out Dunkirk, "You are von of de green vons, yes?"

Pierre had to think up a good answer quickly. A response which might have been his life belt came to his mouth. "Yes I am," he answered in German, remembering the four hundred francs and his mother.

Sharply and cruelly the unknown German rapped, "Follow! I am Heinz Franziedath."

After some minutes they arrived at their destination. The guard let them in and they wandered around the corridors until they saw the door of the famous archspy, Franz Von Eisenburg. Heinz was one of Franz's greatest friends. When Heinz left Pierre in the room two minutes passed and Pierre jumped to the telephone and slowly but surely dialed the number of the sergeant of the *poilus*.

Having been directed the sergeant started off with about thirty men. As Pierre put down the receiver in stepped Von Eisenburg!

Pierre's guilt was self-evident. He was caught like a rat in a trap. He could do nothing and Eisenburg could not wait. His pistol was levelled at Pierre's head. A crack, a shout, a crash—and silence; Eisenburg bowed, took off his hat and retreated from the room.

Suddenly the sergeant of the French *poilus* charged and his men followed him. Von Eisenburg and Franziedath were arrested.

Pierre was buried and his mother was given the four hundred francs and the Croix de Guerre. "Well done, my lad!" said the sergeant in French to the dead Pierre's grave.

*Etymology unknown.—ED.

by RODERICK McCOLL, Grade VIII

Interest Clubs at Pickering

THE CONCEPT OF EDUCATION which motivated the re-opening of Pickering College in 1927 puts stress on the importance of the individual and his problems. Such a concept does not deny the necessity of a certain framework of routine upon which the educational structure must be built, but it urges its disciples to search out diligently the many places in which the seeds of informal education can be sown to bring forth fruit. At Pickering College, from the very first, the entire environment became the classroom, and a staff of young men sought to seize upon the many opportunities for education outside the formal time-table. Two outcomes of this method of approach have now become a permanent part of Pickering; firstly, the tutorial system by which every student receives staff guidance in a personal way, and, secondly, the various interest clubs in which students and staff find ways of sharing common interests.

Interest clubs are not a unique possession of Pickering College. Educators all over this continent have long recognized the great possibilities of such clubs and at the present time there are thousands of them in the secondary schools of Canada and the United States. The increase in number has been especially marked in recent years. It is a fact, however, that clubs were flourishing at Pickering over a decade ago when the idea of such groups was relatively new. Our first staff-student group, The Root of Minus One Club, was organized in 1929, and since then numerous clubs have been formed in response to an interest, real or imagined. Some of the clubs, born of a quick-burning enthusiasm, have flashed briefly and departed; others, finding a more permanent focus of interest, have persisted for many years.

It is important to note that these clubs have in no case been formed as a result of official pressure, nor have they continued their existence because of a feeling of official urgency. Some of the groups have used interests of staff members as a rallying point, and others have sprung up in response to the needs of a group of students. In almost every case, the clubs have become important centres for the pooling of staff-student resources; the educational potentialities offered by the informal interchange of ideas, attitudes, and facts are, indeed, rich. To this is added the social benefits that come from the inter-mingling of kindred spirits.

In reviewing the history of the interest clubs at Pickering College, at least one fact seems to stand out: only those clubs which evolve a genuine focus of interest can hope to persist. When the group ceases to have a programme, the social attractiveness of the meeting will not hold it together for long. For example, in 1932 many new clubs were organized but of these only the Polikon Club and the Glee Club remain today. And when a club fails to revive itself, it may expect no artificial respiration from the headmaster; as long as the club is filling a real need, it will continue to spring up each year with renewed vigour. Many of our clubs have become hardy perennials. An outline of their activities during 1940-41 follows.

Dramatic Club



From Julius Caesar

THE DESIRE TO ACT, to drop the familiar things of one's own existence and assume the glamorous guise of an unreal creature confronted by ludicrous, tragic, or baffling circumstances, must be fundamental in the common heart of men. How else explain a story of drama which, comprising various forms, must be as old as history itself? How else explain the tributes from Kings and paupers, good men and rogues, showered on the "modern" theatre of the past three hundred years? How else explain the energy and enthusiasm expended by amateurs in play production by school groups or church groups, clubs or trade unions throughout the civilized world of to-day?

The particular satisfaction enjoyed by an actor is threefold; he experiences something of the joy of any creative artist; he finds it good fun to strut before an audience; and he thrills to any effect of laughter or excitement that his cavorting may produce on his audience. The present writer believes that the members of the Pickering College Dramatic Club (and there were many members this year) selfishly hold that "the play's the thing" and that the audience matters scarce a whit. Applause to any human is sweet, but there have been rehearsals as exciting (to the selfish players concerned), as any audited performance and criticism of one another has been as infuriating as pleasing—in other words, as moving—as the remarks of any spectator. This surely is a healthy state of affairs for any frankly amateur group: to feel grateful to and appreciate the attentions of the friendly audience which it may draw, but to regard the business inside the footlights as the most pleasurable thing of all; to produce a play in one's own private way, and to feel that one has "given" to the utmost of one's capacity—for better or for worse.

—Continued on page 63

The Glee Club

ON THE NIGHT OF JUNE 3rd, 1933, the Pickering College Glee Club, assisted by Alice Strong, undertook to provide the second half of a programme to round off our Sport's Day. Their offering was the Gilbert and Sullivan operetta "Trial by Jury," and at the conclusion of the evening the directors, stage-hands, and various assistants collapsed limply and reckoned that was that. But the little group had builded better than they knew, and their modest initial effort had the surprising result of starting a string of Gilbert and Sullivan operas on its way.

The story of our first nine operas is one of difficulties overcome, of gradual but consistent improvement, and of tireless effort on the part of many people. During the intervening years, Pickering has joined a group of secondary schools which produce an opera each year; in so doing, we have found ways of solving our own problems and, incidentally, of establishing the Gilbert and Sullivan tradition that is peculiar to this school.

The tradition is briefly this: to amass all the resources of the school, both as regards students, staff, and other members of our community, with a view to presenting as perfect an offering as possible with the means at our disposal. To this end, we have not hesitated to invite staff members and their wives to participate in the productions, nor have we spared any effort to see that all leading roles were capably handled. Naturally, our first aim has been to make full use of our own immediate group, and, with two exceptions, male leads have been chosen from them. Working on the principle that it is a valuable experience for anyone to be associated with an undertaking which aims at as much perfection as possible, we have justified the participation of from twenty-five to thirty students in a period of preparation sometimes extending over five months. Moreover, in the belief that the association with capable performers is a good method of developing capable performance, we have sought to foster growth in students of promising dramatic ability. Educationally, the projects have proved two things: (1) the promise of a successful completion of the opera is sufficient motivation to provide plenty of candidates for the club, and to hold the interest of a high percentage of these candidates throughout the long period of rehearsal; (2) the proximity of semi-professional performers gives great stimulus to the development of good student leads.

Many other contributing factors have brought our club to the point where its productions compare favorably with those of the best similar organizations. The semi-permanent chorus of young ladies of Newmarket, the work of Renzius and John Byrne in gaining technical mastery of our microscopic stage, the richer sources of information of the directors of the show, the acceptance of the validity of the project by our entire community, all these factors have given great assistance. Finally, Gwendolyn Williams Koldofsky, Alice Strong Rourke, Elizabeth Beer, Maire Davies, Phyllis Hawkins and, more recently, Alan Sawyer have unselfishly offered their unique talents.

The result has been a succession of excellent shows, each one of which has surpassed its predecessor. As a fitting climax, this years' cast of forty-seven travelled to Kingston and, ignoring the strain of travel and the difficulties of novel situations, staged a splendid performance for the Royal Air Force. The most gratifying conclusion of the entire project is that hard work does not necessarily preclude the possibility of lots of fun.

Pinafore

by OUR MUSIC EXPERT

THE GLEE CLUB presentation of "H.M.S. Pinafore" was a perfection of melody and music. This writer sat through three enjoyable nights of it and could find little fault in any phase of the production.

Let me mention a few of the highlights. First I think I would choose the duets of Ralph Rackstraw with Josephine. For sheer loveliness I have heard little to surpass it. High in my estimation also, would be the perfect characterization of Little Buttercup. Her duets with the captain and her songs with the sailors displayed not only fine acting and singing ability but also a delightful touch of humour which went well with her part. Nor would I want to overlook Hebe, the charming cousin of the admiral. And I'll never forget the uproarious antics of Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., as he skipped and danced his way through the song "Never mind the why and wherefore." Nor will I forget the horrible image of Dick Deadeye, the evil and sinister cripple, as he went about his ugly business of trying to ruin a beautiful love match.

In short, it was splendid entertainment and it has provided a high mark for future productions to aim at. Our sincere thanks are owing to Mr. Rourke and Mr. Rutledge for their capable direction and production of the opera.

Polikon Club

THIS YEAR, as in other years the Polikon Club has been primarily interested in giving its members practice in speaking, so that they will not only be able to talk in front of people, but also be able to think while they are on their feet. In order to achieve these purposes we have had in the last eight months several serious debates as well as some humorous impromptu speeches in which everyone must take part. In our last few meetings we have had a series of short talks by the club members in order to give us a chance to prepare and carry out complete addresses rather than just some well chosen remarks.

Although some of our most outstanding members will be graduating this spring, we still have a group of fellows who are interested in furthering the ideals and ideas of the club. With the help of the old "stand bys" and some new younger members we are looking forward to a banner year in 1941-42 for the Polikon Club.

Kosmo Club

Every community must have its little collection of rare souls. At Pickering they go under the name of the Kosmo Club. Students of geography in a nice sort of way, lovers of food in a boisterous sort of way, athletes and gentlemen in a versatile sort of way, they look upon themselves as the pride of the school and pillars of society in general.

There are some who, not being of them, are against them and who dissent from the views expressed above. Need one mention the sour taste of the grape which hangs beyond reach?

Needless to say the year was a success, the speakers inspired, the food excellent, the discussion at once spirited and intellectual, the general tone of the meetings both stimulating and cordial.

William Jay was the Prime Minister, Peter Eshelby the chief of the secretarial staff and Ward Cornell Chancellor of what Exchequer there was.

Rooters

THE ROOT OF MINUS ONE CLUB, dedicated primarily to scientific pursuits, spent a highly successful season. The Rooters have the distinction of being the oldest functioning club in the school. Founded by R.E.K.R., way back in the dim reaches of antiquity, they have interpreted their purpose of scientific study in its broadest sense and have built up a fine tradition during the years. Over and above this academic tradition, they have added a second—one of good and large scale eating.

This year's club saw no deviation from their established customs. In fact if reports can be believed the food was more sumptuous than ever, and the feast of reason kept pace.

Twelve Club

ONE OF THE YOUNGER club groups of the school, the Twelve Club has rapidly made a place for itself at Pickering. More versatile in some ways than the other organizations, it ties its members down to no definite field, no matter how broadly defined. Its special speakers are invited to choose any subject they may desire, providing their talk has enough zip to it. On the social side, this year's activities included a mixed sleighing party and a dance.

Parents' Day

ONCE, EVERY YEAR a day is set aside for the purpose of allowing parents and friends of the staff and students to visit the school and to gain an insight into its workings. Therefore, on the first Saturday of December, a large crowd of visitors swarmed through a building all spruced up for the occasion.

In every classroom were found exhibits representing the hobbies and the work of students. In the gymnasium they saw the athletic side of the curriculum and were able to watch, not only a physical training period, but also a school team in action. Later several sample classes were conducted for their inspection. Finally the day wound up with the spotlight on the lighter side of our activities and the visitors were entertained with two interesting plays.

It was really a very pleasant day; students were given a welcome rest before examinations while parents satisfied their curiosity to know what their money was being spent for.

Final Banquet

AMID THE SWANK, prestige, and great organization of "Blacky," the final banquet went on as usual to bring Pickering to the close of its fourteenth successful year.

Mr. Blackstock acted as chairman and presented to the students a wide variety of honourable guests, including Foster Hewitt, famous sports announcer, Herbie Cain, hockey ace (who made me lose fifty cents, darn him), Mr. F. L. Bartlett, noted football referee, and other notable guests, including Wing Commander Kelley, Flying Officer "Pop Perry," Mr. Samuel Rogers, and Mr. Andrew Davis.

After our guests had all said a few words, the presentations of Awards, Colours and the Garratt Cane took place.

The evening closed as it has done for the past fourteen years and shall continue to do for a long time to come, with the singing of Auld Lang Syne, followed by the school yell.

Projects

THIS SPRING the first and second forms together with the Business III have been organized into project groups. During the afternoons some garden, some carpenter, some paint, some print. Benches and gardens and camp-sites have begun to appear here and there about campus and farm. Wheelbarrows have created a traffic problem, flying sods a menace, while the notice boards and dormitory walls bear witness to water-colours and ink.

Says horticultural director Ide, "I really have great difficulty keeping track of the shifting landscape."

ATHLETICS

(This year Mr. Blackstock, the director of physical education at Pickering has written the following article outlining the system according to which colours are awarded to our students. Because of the fact that the system for the granting of colours is indicative of the general philosophy of athletic education at the school, we print the following as an introduction to our athletic section.—ED.)

Colour Awards

by C. R. BLACKSTOCK

SOME 120 FIRST COLOURS have been awarded to students of Pickering since 1927. Many Second and Third Colours also have been awarded in that time.

The First Letter conditions remained unchanged until a few years ago. In 1938 the requirements were made stiffer. The standards remain the same for performance in an individual sport. The difference is that a student must participate in some activity in every season of the year. It is not necessary that he demonstrate top ranking performances in all sports in which he takes part, but he cannot lay off for one or more seasons.

The First Letter is more nearly, now, an athletic award. It indicates not only a high degree of ability and sportsmanship in one sport but also an interest and participation in games in general.

To the original three sports of basketball, hockey and rugby in which a student might qualify for a colour, track and field was added in 1929. During the next ten years many other sports were added to the programme. The College sponsored inter-school competitions in tennis, archery, skiing, badminton and volley ball. Because competitors in these sports were frequently top ranking, arrangements were made to have them recommended for Colour awards.

Another change in the physical education programme was made in 1938 which aided the student in meeting the new qualifications. For the Annual Sports Day programme, as you will remember, the students were all picked for one of three teams. In 1938 it was decided to have the teams active throughout the year. Thus by taking part in the intramural games and sports, the student is able to satisfy the year long participating Colour requirement.

The requirements for a colour now may be briefly stated as follows:

- (1) The student must demonstrate a high degree of skill in a sport in which there is an opportunity to test his ability with that of the other students of other schools.
- (2) He must take part in a majority of the practices during the training period and the playing season and in a majority of the games played by the team.

- (3) He must demonstrate good sportsmanship at all times towards the other members of the team, the opponents, the coaches and the officials.
- (4) During all seasons of the year he must take both an interest and a part in all the sports and games possible at the School.

A student representative, the coach or coaches and the director of the department meet and recommend those participants in each sport who, in their opinion have satisfied the first three requirements.

The recommendations are then reviewed by the Colour Review Board at the end of each year. This Board is made up of all the coaches, the Intramural Captains and other student representatives appointed by the School Committee, the Director of the department and the Headmaster. The Board reviews each recommendation and the student's athletic record of the year. The Colours are awarded by *this Board*. After three years under this system we feel that the standard for the Colours has been raised by this method; that a Pickering Colour is indicative of all-round athletic interest and ability, excellent ability in at least one sport, and good sportsmanship.

Senior Football

by E. R. M.



BACK ROW— Noorduyn, Apple, Kilgour, Gorman, Donaldson, Dewar, Allan, Perkin, Haskell, Harvey, Carter.

MIDDLE ROW— C. R. Blackstock, R. H. Perry, Carson, Cooper, Brooke, Jay, Guberman, Davis, MacNeill, Davies, Croft, Spaulding, E. R. Mather, Jos. McCulley.

SEATED— Kurata, White, Frosst, Onyschuk, Graham, Cornell, Morland, Gale.

THE SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM of the fall of 1939 was one of the best teams that has ever been seen on the playing fields of Pickering. Some members of that group had been playing together for four and five years. Some had risen together through the ranks of bantam and junior football, experienced new men had come into the school, and promising new material

found an enthusiastic stimulus to further development. The team itself was a glorious culmination of the steady building of previous years.

However the opening day of the 1940 football season found many changes. Of the two coaches, one had come back after a two-year lay off, the other had risen from the ranks of the Junior Team. The material confronting the coaches was not promising—of the team of the previous year one regular and three subs were back, two or three players of some experience had arrived from other schools, but the bulk of the candidates was comprised of a group in whom an interest in football was just being awakened and a group of likely-looking juniors who were ushered prematurely into senior company. Such was the assembly, coaches and players, that was gathered together on that first September afternoon, not, as we all shortly learned, to work for a winning team, but rather to lay the foundations and to start the building processes for some highly-trained team in the future.

Games were played with our traditional rivals, U.T.S., St. Mike's, Trinity, Riverdale and a few others. In all these games the team as a whole was not sufficiently well knit-together to produce any sustained successes, but from time to time during the season there were performances of individual brilliance and collective effort that brought forth a strong faith for the success of future teams.

One of the major reasons for the team working together as well as it did was the untiring and unselfish efforts of Captain Gene Onyschuk, the single full-fledged veteran of the team of the previous year. The other members of that team also contributed to the development of the newer players.

In passing judgment or making any comments on any of the individuals who made up the team it is better to consider the promise demonstrated for future ability rather than the actual performance of any one player during the season. The squad divided itself into three groups, each of which will influence the future in varying degrees. The first is composed of those players like MacNeill, Gale, Kilgour, Kurata, White, and Brooke, all of whom played well and developed favourably but who probably have only one more year of high-school football. The second has in it Davis, Dewar, Davies, and Harvey who may all possibly be playing for another two years. But the third group is comprised of the "youngsters," Cornell, Carter, Cooper, Croft and Best, who can all look forward to two or three more seasons of learning and experience.

Each of these categories has about the same skill and ability and next year they should be able to produce a much stronger team. The building of a good team is not a short term job but rather one which for this group will probably not culminate in a highly skillful and coordinated team for another two or three years. It is on this basis then that last year's team should be judged, and as such it can be said that last year was a very successful start, showing every promise and hope for the future.

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ALAN MACNEILL



WARD CORNELL (CAPT.)



DICK DONALDSON



JACK TUTTLE

PICKERING COLLEGE



JOS. McCULLEY (HEADMASTER)



BUD MACK (MGR.)



B.W. JACKSON (COACH)

FIRST BASKETBALL TEAM



DON DEWAR



JIM FROSST



TERRY BAMFORD

1941

Senior Basketball

by B. W. J.

THE TEAM made up of exceptionally young players for senior basketball put in a highly satisfactory season winning twelve out of fifteen games. Their play improved steadily throughout the year. At all times they evidenced unselfishness and co-operation among themselves. Their attitude toward opponents and officials was consistently in the highest tradition of good sportsmanship. They were faithful at practices and took their coaching without grumbling or argument. In games they added to the above a high degree of skill and gave promise of bright possibilities for the future. In all things it may be said of each and every one of them that they enhanced the value and tradition of the uniform they wore for those who follow them in other years.

Personnel

(At the request of several of the players)

The following is a completely objective rating of the merits and demerits of the various persons as basketball players.

BAMFORD:—Second high scorer who came through when the going was toughest. Played in all 15 games. Inclined to allow a poor start in any game to throw him off and spoil an otherwise highly effective set-shot.

CORNELL:—Excellent playmaker. Understands the principal of the “break” but has not yet developed the speed and confidence to carry it through to a score. Ball handling exceptionally good; shooting still weak.

FROSST:—High scorer. Fast and accurate when at his best. Has not yet developed sufficient play-making ability nor sufficient “feel” of the floor to be a first class centre.

DEWAR:—Shot improved throughout the season. Rugged and valuable guard whose play was often spoiled by a tendency to sloppy passing and shooting. With these improved, his speed and floor play would make him a first class player.

MacNEILL:—Excellent guard whose first need is self-confidence. Should develop offense ability to match his defense. Shot is good when he gives it a chance. Another first-class player in the making.

THE SUBS:—Donaldson, Haskell, Tuttle. The shooting of these three was good, their ball-handling weak. Haskell the guard should develop speed on defence and the ability to time his jump. Donaldson should be more aggressive and more exact in his play. Tuttle’s scoring possibilities are cut down by weak ball-handling and lack of ability to find a spot from which to score.

Experience will improve all three.

Volleyball

THIS IS A PARTICULARLY GOOD intramural sport because it leaves the players with enough breath to carry on long and heated repartee while they play. There were very few of them who did not realize the full possibilities of this aspect of the sport so that some finely rounded polemics were lost on the brick walls of the gym.

The classic of the Volleyball season occurs at Pickering when various teams from round about stage a tournament in the Pickering gym. This year the school entered two teams. The better players made up the A team. The dark horses of the sport made up the B team. After an afternoon of sterling ball-belabouring the results were announced. Orillia won the day, the Pickering B team placed and was awarded a shield. The Pickering A team never speak of the event.

Compliments of AURORA DAIRY



JIM MOFLAND (CAPTAIN)



WALLY GUBERMAN



MIKE BISHOP



NORM DUTTON



REG. PERKIN



KEN PERRY



GHENT DAVIS



GOLDIE WHITE

PICKERING COLLEGE FIRST HOCKEY TEAM 1941



THOS. MYERS (COACH)



JOS. MCCULLEY
(HEADMASTER)



TED BROOKE (MGR.)



A.M. CHIPMAN (COACH)



FRED CARTER



DAN SHERRY



IKE WILLIAMSON



ART MURPHY



CHUCK GRAHAM



AL ROGERS

Senior Hockey

by T. E. M. and A. M. C.

"Play hard, play clean, play with all the skill you have and can get, and have fellowship and fun . . . Play to win of course, but play by standards that recognize the game of hockey as a happy and constructive part of your physical, mental and moral development."

HERE IS THE PHILOSOPHY that the coaches brought to their activities with the Senior Hockey Team. From that statement of aims came the individual suggestions and urgings that accompanied practice sessions and games alike.

Graduation a year ago took all but four of our previous year's players and threw upon new coaches the job of welding into a team many new personalities of varying shades of ability and co-operativeness. Most of these new players had to discover for themselves their own playing abilities and their capacity to control themselves under the fire of hard fought games.

The composition of the team produced several contrasts in age grouping, previous hockey experience, and academic or grade levels within the School. Rogers, goal, Murphy, sub-goal, Guberman, center and Perkin right wing,—all senior students, were the game tested veterans of former years. The new first team players consisted of Davis and Graham, who had played with junior school teams in previous years, while F. Carter, Morland, M. Bishop, Sherry and White played their first senior hockey for Pickering during the past season. The third group, junior in age and game experience, consisted of Dutton, Perry and Williamson.

The season was a successful one in terms of experience gained, techniques of play acquired and greater measures of mental and emotional self control secured; not so successful in terms of games won. The team suffered from pre-game and early game “jitters” and usually reached their peak of playing efficiency and “fight” somewhat late in the game. All too frequently the slow start occurred too late to alter the result of the game, even though it did make the score considerably less one-sided. Indeed one “wag” on the team made the astute suggestion that the team should “play the last period at the first of the game” and hence approach the beginning of the game—which would really be the end—with a winning score.

Coaches, referees and time-keepers appeared rather baffled by this original “but slightly difficult to achieve” method of playing hockey and hence “though sound in theory” it was not put into practice during the season.

Among the high-lights of the season, the second game with our traditional rivals, St. Andrew’s College produced a highly dramatic finale. Pickering was trailing, going into the third period by the score of 8-5 and during the last 15 minutes of play proceeded to score 5 goals while holding St. Andrew’s to 4. In the second game against Lakefield, played on our home ice, Pickering trailed into the last 10 minutes of the game by the score of 2-0, and then with flourish and zest scored 3 goals to win, the last one of which barely crossed the goal line before the end of game bell sounded.

Hat trick achievements went to Perry, our mighty atom defense man, who scored three goals in the first game against Lakefield and to Norman “Red” Dutton, the youthful beserk Amerk, who scored three goals in the post-season game against Aurora High School, all three assists of which came from the capable stick of Guberman. (We hope the East will regard this as a challenge, for all three of these students hail from country west of Sioux Lookout).

All members of the team displayed fine sportsmanship and a desire to win. In addition to Perry, Dutton and Guberman, Rogers turned in several exceptionally brilliant goal-keeping efforts. Perkin and Sherry showed good ability in play-making and stick-handling, and last but not least “Chuck” Graham by his steadiness on and off the ice saved many a difficult moment.

Graduation this year removes several key players from the School. We sincerely hope that the “new crop” will not produce an unusually large number of goal-keepers. While we have no doubt they would be useful, we are inclined to believe they might clutter up the nets to a slight degree.

Compliments of AURORA GOLF CLUB



Pickering's Intramural Plan

by C. R. B.

*"To struggle with friendly foes and to know at length
Where you stand as a man among men."*

THE PURPOSE OF THE INTRAMURALS is to provide means for fun, playing, for as many students as possible. Competition one with another is a very natural characteristic of all boys. By providing games and contests of a great variety every student should be able to play. By confining it to the students within the school there is less emphasis on a high degree of skill and thus a greater opportunity for *all* students to learn some of the skills of the games. Students are not as hesitant about taking part in the activities when they are playing among themselves as they would be were they expected to meet students from outside the college in the games.

The Plan was initiated in the first years after the College reopened in 1927. Then it applied only for the Annual Sports Day programme. Three years ago it was decided to try and carry the same organization throughout the school year. At that time the students were chosen by student captains for one of three groups, to which they would belong so long as they remained students in the school. Each fall a student captain from each of the groups picks from the students entering for the first time enough to make up for the losses due to graduation, etc.

During the year, and especially at those seasons of the year when we do not have interscholastic school teams active, there is a programme of competitions arranged between teams representing their groups. Depending on how many players the sports require, there may be three or four classes in each group taking part in the games.

Each game won by a team representing one of the three groups—Blue, Silver or Red— receives five points. For every player that takes part in the game two points are credited to the team. Thus a team that is weak in ability may keep the score even by having a greater number of players out for the game. The scores are recorded, the points are credited and totalled from day to day and from season to season, the final scores for the groups deciding the winner for the year.

Because great care is taken at the time of picking the teams to balance the ability of the members as nearly as possible, the scores at any time are fairly close. Sometimes because of sickness or injury one group may be badly hit and its final score may be a bit below the other two. The closeness of the group scores has been a great factor in promoting participation. Practically every student in the school has taken part in at least some of the sports for his group during the year and most of them play throughout the year in all the sports.

The group captains have worked hard and long and to them goes a great deal of credit for the success of the plan. They have shown real ability to lead their fellow students and frequently spend considerable time coaching members of their groups in the various sports. The class captains that they appoint usually work well too and lighten the load for the group captains.

In order to give the group captains their proper recognition a new panel will be put up this year. It is the gift of a small group of Old Boys. The standing of the three groups as at the end of the year will be indicated on the panel and the names of the group captains carved into the board.

Cricket

THIS YEAR with the school literally studded with mad Englishmen and one Mexican, cricket, the traditional game of the Old Country, was organized at Pickering. The boys played six days of the week and held double headers on Wednesdays and Saturdays and everyone was happy and had a good time.

From what I picked up it seems that “Slugger” Marstrand and Joe “Why was I born” Aguayo were the stars.

The Canadians learned a lot with the playing of the game and are now very, very familiar with the terms, “century,” “well bowled,” “pull up sticks,” “boundary” and “pip pip old man.”

The only thing left to relate of the noble game is the expression “Let’s knock off for tea” and I think that’s just what I’ll do.

Compliments SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB

Continued from page 49

FOR THE FIRST TIME in its history the Pickering College Dramatic Club, under the direction of Mr. Stewart, presented a Shakespearean play, on Parents' Day. The production was intended as an experiment, the success of which exceeded our wildest dreams.

I had watched the proceedings of the last few weeks rather skeptically, because the rehearsals I had witnessed seemed to me to be rather uneventful. I began to wonder if Shakespeare's play would not be a trifle dull for our beloved school, for we are not the most quiet of students and like our fun.

I went to the Assembly Hall not knowing what to expect. At last the play began. The stage was effectively lighted and to my surprise, some of the actors were in every day dress. However, before long my mind was engulfed in the course of events. The acting was superb. Never shall I forget rather pompous Caesar, the quiet, dignified Brutus, and the crafty Cassius. These parts were all marvellously taken by Warren Gale, Allan MacNeill and Charles Beer.

It was only at intermission that I realized how the play had gripped me, and I assumed from the buzz of conversation around me that others felt the same way.

The second and third acts were equally, if not more interesting than the first. In the last act the climax of the play was effectively attained by Anthony's very moving speech to the Roman citizens.

As I have already made clear, many students entered the room not knowing what to expect, but after the play nearly all of them were very enthusiastic and I have not heard one person express an opinion against the production. Let's have more of Shakespeare, Don.

As a prelude to the production of Julius Caesar, a group of our more brilliant French students presented an amusing little play, entitled "Les Deux Sours." Under the direction of Mr. Beer the boys did a remarkable job and although few understood the words of the actors, everyone was able to appreciate the humour of the many farcical situations.

It would be difficult to pick out any one actor for special mention, so I won't try. They all were equally good and all deserve praise.

The play was worthwhile in that it provided everyone with a good laugh before settling down for the more serious main feature. We hope Mr. Beer will feel encouraged enough by its success to produce more of these playlets in the future.

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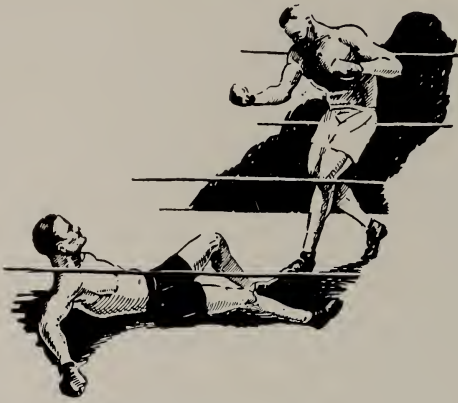
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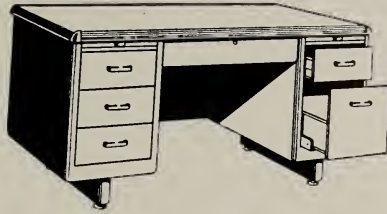
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